

\* \* \* \* \*

**\* YOU BET THERE'S ROMANCE IN THE WORLD YET! \***

\* \* \* \* \*

We are all more or less sure that the days of real sport are over, and that adventure and romance have fled the workaday world.

To be sure, a man dropped from an airship the other day, to test a machine he had made. He wanted to see whether or not he would be killed or saved in the operation!

And another man staid in the machine, while it bobbed about a thousand feet in the air as the parachute-tester dropped off.

Dear, dear, what a prosy world! Oh, for the days of bold Robin Hood, and Tom Faggus, and Rob Roy, and Daniel Boone and Kit Carson, and Grizzly Adams, and—

To be sure, Buffalo Jones went through Africa last year, lassoing animals, and letting them go—all sort, including lions. Just roped 'em, and handled them as one would a colt, while the moving picture machine photographed them. And as for Dick Turpin and those gentry of the road—did you read of the taxicab robbers? Too busy? Well—

Five yeggs in New York city—right on the island of Manhattan, arranged matters so as to rob a bank of its cash while the same was passing through the thronged streets of Gotham in broad day. Past roundsmen, traffic policemen and thousands sped the taxi, a gasoline-impelled emporium of robbery. And it worked, too. The road agents got \$25,000.

The five robbers went into a saloon to divide the swag, and while doing so, in walked a little chap weighing a hundred pounds, and five feet tall, and glaring at them through thick glasses, made them give up at the pistol's mouth \$10,000 of their \$25,000. Perfectly lovely, isn't it? Real romance!

And one of the robbers had a sweet heart named Annie, for whom he bought a swell hat—and through that purchase the police traced the robbery to him! And—

Let us now follow our hero of the five-foot stature, the thick glasses, and the \$10,000. No sooner had he left the saloon than he was robbed of two-thirds of this amount by two companions. But still he has \$3,333.33. The open sea beckons! He takes ship to Havana! He becomes acquainted with a senorita.

And the senorita frisks him for \$2,500! Carramba!

These, dear readers, are the actual facts of things which have occurred within the past month, in this country of ours. Here's violence, battle, love, change of fortune, everything! No illusion? Not particularly thrilling? Well, the doings of Rob Roy were no more romantic. We've got past the boyhood of the race, that's all.